UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

John Roach Straton

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

In a Russian Village

By SHERWOOD EDDY

How I Learned to Read and Write

By P. M. MATTHÉEFF

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

PART V—CHAPTER XLII

By M. K. GANDHI

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OF INTERNATIONAL INTEREST

November Articles

November 4. Education Towards Communism
Alson H. Robinson

Whether these vast (educational) activities will result in the creation of a communist mind and eventually in a Communist state is wholly problematical. There can, however, be no doubt that in transposing the darkness of the past into the present Light of Knowledge, coming generations all over the world will enjoy an increasing measure of happiness and freedom.

November 11—Religion Under Communism
Alson H. Robinson

In the course of an exhibition, they show you the picture of one of the Czar's soldiers directing the fire of a machine gun from the belfry of the church into the crowds of people in the square. By the side of the soldier stands a priest blessing the gun which is causing the streets to flow with the blood of his own people.

November 18. In a Russian Village
Sherwood Eddy

One of the great experiments of the world is being tried out in Russia today; the experiment of a united, cooperative, socialized order in contrast to competitive, individualistic, nationalistic states. Today these untamed plains of potential wealth are being made to blossom as the rose.

November 25. Where the World War Began.
Kirby Page

Even a superficial contact with the Balkan situation causes one to wonder about the permanence of the prevailing political arrangements. Jugoslavia feels menaced on all sides. A bitter sense of injustice prevails among the Serbs and Croats and in Bulgaria and Hungary.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIV MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1929 NUMBER 9

SELF-DETERMINATION

The Philosophy of the American Negro

Four things we will not do, in spite of all
That demons plot for our decline and fall;
We bring four benedictions which we meek
Unto the proud are privileged to speak,
Four gifts by which amidst all stern-browed races
We move with kindly hearts and shining faces.

We will not hate. Law, custom, creed and caste,
All notwithstanding, here we hold us fast.
Down through the years, the mighty ships of state
Have all been broken on the rocks of hate.

We will not cease to laugh and multiply,
We slough off trouble and refuse to die.
The Indian stood unyielding, stark and grim;
We saw him perish and we learned of him
To mix a grain of philosophic mirth
With all the crass injustices of earth.

We will not use the ancient carnal tools.
These never won, yet centuries of schools,
Of priests, and all the work of brush and pen
Have not availed to win the wisest men
From futile faith in battleship and shell;
We see them fall, and mark that folly well.

We will not waver in our loyalty.
No strange voice reaches us across the sea;
No crime at home shall stir us from this soil.
Ours is the guerdon, ours the blight of foil,
But raised above it by a faith sublime
We choose to suffer *here* and bide our time.

And if we hold to this, we dream some day
Our countrymen will follow in our way.

—*Leslie Pickney Hill.*

The re-election of Mayor Walker, of New York, is a commentary on American life today. The Mayor has his admirable qualities. His dress is as exquisite as that of a "lounge lizard" in one of our most fashionable hotels. His personal grace is as attractive as that of any dancing-master in town. He can "wise-crack" with the best of the vaudeville performers. As a host of a speakeasy, or a toastmaster of a Tammany Hall banquet of the "boys," he would be incomparable. But as mayor of the greatest city in the country, as executive head of a government spending over $400,000,000 a year, as the chosen custodian of the health and happiness of some six million human beings—well, it takes one's breath away to think of it! Of course, as a matter of fact, "Jimmie" Walker is not mayor at all. When he is in town, which is once in a while, he arrives nonchalantly at City Hall at noon-time or later, usually later. He stays in his office or vicinity long enough to welcome some distinguished visitor to the city, receive with smiles and witty words some committees and delegations, sign a few necessary papers—and then *off*, no one knows where. That the government functions at all, and on the whole not badly, is impressive evidence of the essential efficiency of democracy, rooted in the routine fidelity of inconspicuous and unambitious men, which the late President Eliot was never tired of citing as over against the lauded efficiency of autocracy. Mayor Walker is at the best a window-dresser, a glad-hander, an ornament; at the worst, an empty, vulgar, disgusting political parasite. Yet he is enthusiastically re-elected to office because he is entertaining, pleasure-loving, and good first-page copy. He expresses perfectly the spirit of the age, especially in New York, which takes nothing seriously, wants a good time at any cost, and craves constant diversion and excitement. "Jimmie" lounging in a night-club, "Jimmie" playing with a Hollywood beauty, "Jimmie" leering from the rotogravure section—this is the Mayor of New York meeting the expectations of his fellow-citizens. "On with the dance!"

Yet even New York is not without hope. In this very regime of "jesting Jimmie" the deeps of disgust are beginning to stir. How otherwise explain the amazing large vote for Norman Thomas, Socialist, in this very election which returned the merry Mayor to his playground in City Hall? This vote was not a Socialist vote—the party was never weaker in the metropolis than it is at this moment! Rather was it an uprising of intelligent and decent men and women against a political situation, as hopeless on the Republican as on the Democratic side, which is an outrage upon every standard of public honor. It was also a proud rallying to a man who succeeded in one brief campaign, conducted on the highest level of mental and moral dignity, in teaching the citizens of New York to understand their plight and to arouse themselves in protest against it. No more impressive cam-

paign has been fought in years than Norman Thomas fought in this recent election. He put to shame the much-touted campaigns of "Al" Smith as candidate for governor. Starting out under the very serious handicap of his party affiliations with the Socialists, Mr. Thomas began talking to the public about the business of municipal administration in the biggest city in the country. As the weeks passed by, people who had never listened to a Socialist before began to heed this man. He had abundant information about all phases of metropolitan life; he mastered and marshalled facts, *facts,* FACTS about schools, streets, markets, housing, transit, which nobody else seemed to know; he presented programs for civic betterment which were comprehensive, constructive, and immediately practical; in his own person, he revealed an intellectual power and moral character matched by few citizens of any party. Slowly, surely, then at the end swiftly, people rallied to him. Mr. Thomas became the one center of serious interest in the campaign, and on election day rolled up a vote which staggered the town. New York can be redeemed from its corrupt and idle politicians — and Norman Thomas is the man destined to do it!

The collapse of the stock market some weeks ago was one of those things so inevitable that one can only feel surprised that anybody was surprised by it. It is an old maxim that everything that goes up has to come down. This maxim is as true of the stock market as of everything else in the world. Stocks have been soaring during the past year beyond all reasonable levels of value. Millions of buyers, mad with the fever of gambling, managed simply to create a condition of inflation which was bound sooner or later to explode and spread disaster. The moment came when least expected, and wreckage covered the landscape in every direction. We have to confess in all frankness that we feel not the slightest sympathy for the fools who lost their fortunes in the New York Monte Carlo. Infected with the lust of greed, these men and women were trying desperately to get money which they had not earned and which therefore did not belong to them, and they are paying well and wholesomely for that mingling of folly and vice which is so characteristic of our pleasure-seeking generation. We could only wish that all who have gambled in stocks during this past year had suffered the losses which they deserved. The pity of it is not that anybody was ruined but that everybody, as soon as they can scrape together a little cash, will come straight back to the shearing, and be shorn again. In matters of this kind, which appeal to the worst and not to the best in human nature, men learn nothing! Instead of feeling pity let us feel satisfaction that even in the crooked world of speculation there reigns a law of justice which holds as rigorously as the law that binds the stars. There is a reason for the buying and selling of stocks, at least under our present economic system, and there is such a thing as safe investments, but no trace of either will be found in the offices of the stockbrokers on Wall Street. Keep out of these offices and let other madmen pay the piper for their dancing!

What really concerns us in such a phenomenon as this recent collapse of the stock market is not the fate of those who have gambled and lost. Rather is it the fact that we have such an institution as the Stock Exchange, set up under the guise of necessary public service, for the deliberate trapping of the ignorant, the foolish and the greedy. No American city would permit a gambling den to operate like the casinos at Monte Carlo, and Nice, and other European centers of idleness and wealth. Yet here in all our great American cities we have these so-called exchanges where gambling goes on just as deliberately as at the roulette wheels of the Riviera. In the New York Exchange alone, fifteen billion dollars can be lost in a single day! It is a scandal of the first order—that at the heart of our civilization should stand an institution deliberately dedicated to the business of exploiting the weaknesses and follies of men! But the exchanges are not alone to blame! Behind the exchanges are the banks operated by dignified, respectable, church-going men who provide the funds with which the gambling brokers play their wretched game. And behind the banks stands that towering economic system of capitalism which exists for the express purpose of capitalizing the labor of the common people for the private profit of the few who occupy the seats of power. When the crash came in Wall Street, Washington did nothing, because it was able to do nothing; the house of Morgan, however, acted quickly, because this house and not the White House is the center of the real life of the American people. Some day when we see this we will destroy capitalism as effectively as the Russians destroyed Czardom. Next to the abolition of war, nothing is so important to the happiness of men, the survival of civilization and the integrity of the human spirit, as this overthrow of an economic system which is itself a war for the monopolization and enjoyment of this world's good. Great Britain is now governed by a political party dedicated to the accomplishment of this beneficent end. May the day come speedily when such a party dedicated to such an end will flourish in America!

Nova Scotia has now joined the rest of Canada in repudiation of the Prohibition law. To the youngsters of our present generation who know nothing of the history of the liquor business, this return to a government licensing system means the final defeat of Prohibition in the Dominion. As a matter of fact it means nothing more than one of those periodical shifts

from frying pan to fire which has always prevailed when the temperance question is in the hands of the voters at regularly recurring popular elections. We lived for years in Massachusetts under the "local option" system, which gave to each city and town of the state the power to grant or withhold licenses to sell liquor acording as the citizens voted "license" or "no license." At each annual election, as a matter of official routine, this "yes" or "no" question was on the ballot for the decision of the voters. A few of the great cities, such as Boston, for example, always voted "wet"; a few of the smaller towns as uniformly voted "dry." But the great majority of the cities and towns kept shifting from one column to the other. Frequently the most exciting feature of a fall election was the question as to how many "dry" towns would go "license" and how many "wet" towns would go "no license." The shifting was constant and abundant—for an obvious reason! The towns or cities which licensed saloons would stand the situation just so long, and then they would go "dry" and wipe out the saloons. Then would come the difficulties of "no license" or prohibition enforcement, which would lead in time to weariness and disgust, and a return to "license." The "license" would again become possible —and so on! It is this experience which is now going on in Canada. In recent years in the Dominion the tide has gone "wet," and liquor is now legally sold. A few years of the traffic, and Canada will swing back to Prohibition to escape the horrors of this traffic. America, fortunately, has stepped out of this merry-go-round policy, by establishing Prohibition as the permanent law of the land. This has brought us all the familiar difficulties of enforcement, but it also established the necessity of overcoming them instead of running away from them. For this reason is this country going to be the first to solve the liquor question.

It is the judgment of an American journalist, set forth in a recent tirade against this country which he hates because of Prohibition, that America has "never produced a painter, poet, novelist, sculptor, essayist, orator, musician, playwright, historian, scientist, or philosopher of the first class." This is a sweeping indictment, defensible, perhaps, in some narrow definition of "first class" which would recognize no poet but Shakespeare, no sculptor but Phidias. But on such a basis as this, how many countries could qualify in the first division of attainment? On any just basis of estimate, we believe that the statement above quoted is ridiculous. No *painter?* What about Whistler who, like Sargent, lived abroad but was American born and bred? No *poet?* We present Poe and Whitman, and among living poets challenge any country to match Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, and Vachel Lindsey. No *novelist?* Is Nathaniel Hawthorne to be forgotten or ignored? No *sculptor?* We match Augustus St. Gaudens against any sculptor of the last one hundred years. Is there any but Rodin to excel him? No *essayist?* Emerson is the greatest essayist since Montaigne, and Thoreau his worthy rival. No *orator?* Not in modern times has there been a greater orator than Daniel Webster. No *musician?* Here we falter, but Edward MacDowell broke ground which must some day yield rich fruit. No *playwright?* What about Eugene O'Neill? No *historian?* We name Francis Parkham, William H. Prescott, John Lothrop Motley. No *scientist?* Asa Gray was the confrére of Darwin, as Professor Michelson is today the correspondent of Einstein. No *philosopher?* Jonathan Edwards was the master philosopher of his day, William James a philosopher whose word carried far and wide throughout the world, and John Dewey the most influential philosopher of this our time. Our journalist-critic is all wrong. He is venting his spleen, and thus, like H. L. Mencken, disregarding all facts which dispute the thing he thinks it smart to say. Or is it that this man is just plain ignorant? We have met such men, and some of them talk loud and big.

John Roach Straton

John Roach Straton was a born fighter. He wielded a two-handed sword. He neither gave nor asked quarter. He was afraid of nobody, and gave up the battle only when he was dead upon the field. Therefore we admired him, though we deplored his methods, agreed with few of his ideas, and could wish him nothing but defeat.

I

We remember the night we first saw him—a Sunday night in Calvary Church on West 57th Street, New York. He was an impressive figure. His body was tall and straight and sinewy—spare and lean, as befitted a crusader. His face in repose was as hard and cold as the face of St. Gauden's Puritan in Springfield. This was the way John Calvin must have looked when he led Servetus to the stake! Yet there is no record of Calvin's ever smiling as this man smiled—a swift sweep of sunshine over a bleak landscape, gone as unexpectedly as it came! His voice was strong and firm, at times harsh, but far more often ingratiating and winsome as he talked in tones of friendly intimacy with his immense congregation. Even when he spoke of his enemies there was no bitterness or rancor, and when he quoted cruel personal attacks upon him-

self, he could smile and make his people laugh good-naturedly.

This night was the night when he was preparing for final battle with the older members of his parish who disliked his sensationalism and were seeking to get rid of him. The church was packed with ardent sympathizers. The platform was crowded with rows of stalwart young men, who had marched down the aisle in a body and taken their position here publicly in support of their minister. Dr. Straton told the story of the fight to oust him—how the elders had hired pews and given them right and left to friends and relatives so that these might vote against him in the church meeting, how they had sent automobiles to bring in the old ladies from the Baptist Home so that these dames might cast their ballots, how they had whispered vile stories in the prayer-meetings and fed slanders to the newspaper. I could well believe these tales—this is the way Christians have conducted themselves in all generations! But Dr. Straton was amused rather than indignant. He seemed to bear no grudge against his foes, and certainly poured no poison into the souls of his friends. My heart went out to this man. How could so amiable a spirit accompany so terrible a theology?

II

Dr. Straton never had a chance intellectually. He was miseducated from the beginning—and miseducation, be it remembered, is far worse than no education at all. In a Calvinist home in the South he was brought up from earliest childhood on the orthodox Bible as his only spiritual fare. Denominational schools and colleges completed the work so disastrously begun under domestic influences. As a young man of handsome appearance, brilliant forensic qualities, and utter zeal for the salvation of the lost race of humankind, he became an evangelist preacher in what Mr. Mencken has described in now classic phrase as "the Bible belt." In a few years he became one of the great Fundamentalist clergymen of the South, and, upon his translation to New York, the most distinguished and potent Fundamentalist of the land.

There are men, of course, who have undergone this training and experience, and escaped. Dr. Straton was not of this type. There was nothing in him at any time that was fluid. He hardened early, like well-mixed cement. He could be broken into bits, as he was at the end, but never softened in texture and remoulded in design. There was something almost uncanny, surely terrible, in the imperviousness of his mental structure. Knowledge beat upon it like rain upon a cliff of granite, and left as little impression. For Dr. Straton was not an ignorant man in the sense of being an illiterate man. His books and sermons revealed the astonishing fact that he was familiar with current scientific and theological literature. Mr. Potter, in his famous debates with Dr. Straton, was disconcerted to discover that the latter had read Darwin and Huxley and was thus able to cope at first-hand with this first-hand material. But these books, which he could quote and use, were like stones in the gall-bladder, not like meat in the stomach. They were alien substances to be cast out, not nourishing food to be absorbed. So Dr. Straton, with his fine mind and wide reading, remained unchanged. On his death-bed he was the same man as in the theological seminary thirty years before. His creed was composed of the hardest dogmas ever forged upon the anvils of medieval Christian faith. Just because it was so hard, it was impenetrable. Like a bullet-proof vest it turned aside every well-aimed missile sent against it.

Dr. Straton was often accused of ignorance because the material he handled was the material of ignorance, and the people he addressed were the children of ignorance. Those overflowing congregations of his were literally like children—they knew nothing. But Dr. Straton *did* know. Yet not enough to make him humble, teachable, and wise! This was the secret, or rather the explanation, of his sincerity. His sensationalism, which was no conscious or deliberate sensationalism, served to obscure his sincerity. His enemies were themselves sincere in believing that a man who said and did such things could not be sincere. But if to give one's reputation and one's life for the cause in which one devoutly believes is the test of sincerity, then John Roach Straton was a sincere man. Years before he died, this ardent preacher of the truth as he saw it, made himself of no reputation in a city which could not, or would not, take him seriously. In the torturing heat of the summer of 1928, when he regarded the candidacy of Governor Smith as a dangerous menace to all that he held dear, this tireless man traveled and talked in the southern states, until his body crumpled up in an exhaustion from which he never recovered. Dr. Straton was sincere. That was the trouble with him! Impenetrable within as well as without, he consumed himself with his own fires of blind conviction, and at 54 years of age was dead.

III

Of course, Dr. Straton should never have come to New York! In the South he would have labored as hard, for this man was all zeal and devotion, but he would have lived happily and to a serene old age. But in New York he was hopelessly out of his own habitat, and thus perpetually and desperately struggling for survival. New York, with its advanced intelligence, and utter sophistication, could not understand Dr. Straton, and Dr. Straton could not understand New York. They spoke different languages, and thus lived together in dreadful confusion. This was the secret of this clergyman's so-called sensationalism. Anything that he did naturally was bound to be abnormal in the city's

sight, and therefore sensational! As is its way under such trying circumstances, New York became cruel, for the metropolis has little patience and less gentleness. It began to laugh at this strange man, at first with ribald jest and at last with snarling hate. Most victims of the city's cruelty sooner or later run away, or sink morosely into themselves in dark and ugly mood. But Dr. Straton stood his ground, and struck back hard, and kept his good nature. This was a new performance—and the city got angry. Not in my time has any man been so abused in New York as Dr. Straton was. Not in my time has any man "stood the gaff" as Dr. Straton did. Like many a martyr, he may have delighted in his wounds. But he was a man, a husband, a father, and many a time these wounds must have bled him in secret till he was weak and sick. But he never whimpered, never complained, and only once when an enemy pestered him with obscene pictures—did he lose his temper. I call this courage, and I admire any man who has it.

IV

There was a profound pathos about Dr. Straton in his life and in his death. Much that his enemies said of him was true. He was insensitive to the finer things of life; he was tasteless and tactless; he had a closed mind, and therefore an intolerant spirit; he taught abominable theology, and spread darkness in the community; he was indifferent to the moving forces of his age, and hostile to most good causes. But he had his faith, and lived it. He spent himself unsparingly in devotion to his God. He accepted his days upon the earth as a duty to be served and not a debauch to be enjoyed. In his own strange way he loved men, and tried to save the world from death. And he suffered, terribly.

I should be ashamed if, because I disagreed with this man in everything, I could not see his virtues and wish him rest. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

Have our readers noticed the terrific silence of the newspapers on Jane Addams's notable article in support of Prohibition? One would think that anything that this greatest, wisest and most experienced of American women would have to say upon this sensational question of the day would be news of widest public interest. But not when what she says is on the "dry" side of the argument. We beg our readers to beg, borrow, or steal a copy of the current *Survey Graphic* and read what Miss Addams's comments are on conditions before and after the 18th Amendment.

Yale is planning to spend $500,000 investigating the life of monkeys as a basis for understanding human behavior. Why not turn the investigation about, and study the life of humans as a basis for understanding monkey behavior?

In view of the wild surmises as to the population of Palestine, and the numerical relation between the Jews and Arabs in that country, it may be well to print the figures recently issued in an "official communique" by the Government:

As of March, 1929, There are now 557,649 Moslems, 149,-555 Jews, 78,463 Christians, and 8,850 others.

The total number of inhabitants therefore, is only 794,-517—very much less than the million which unofficial figures reported.

In estimating the vote of Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for mayor in the recent election in New York, add not less than 50,000 to the reported total. This figure represents a conservative estimate of the votes stolen from Mr. Thomas at the polls by the bipartisan gangs in control of the electoral machinery.

Clemenceau's new book on the Great War is to be entitled "The Grandeur and Misery of Victory." "Grandeur" for the generals and statesmen safely behind the lines—"misery" for the soldiers doing the fighting at the front!

A mother of five sons in Beaumont, Texas, recently gave birth to quadruplets. The father of this family now knows something at least of what is meant by the Scripture text, "To him that hath shall be given." J. H. H.

Hymn to the Oneness of Being

Oneness of Being, Thou!
Clear be our seeing now
Thee to behold!
Thy power all-prevailing,
Thy love never-failing
All to enfold!

All truth and beauty, Thou!
Strength for each duty now!
Light of our mind!
Thou to us wouldst appear
Present in far and near
Were we not blind.

From all our bitter strife,
Marring each other's life,
Lift us above.
Grant us a purer heart
We who of Thee are part,
Fill us with love.

So shall the world be blessed,
Peace on all nations rest,
Man to man, friend.
Thou of all creatures, One!
In us Thy will be done
World without end!

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

In a Russian Village

For a week I have been out among the villages in the heart of Russia sleeping in haystacks, living with peasants, studying the biggest experiment that is now going on in this country, the rapid socialization and industrialization of peasant agriculture in great communes and "collectives." I am sitting in an old ruined watch tower from which the former landlord of this great estate had his serfs and, after their liberation in 1861, his peasants closely watched at their work with a spy glass. Nearby was the whipping post where the serfs or peasants were chastised when necessary. Today this estate is a Russian commune founded by fifty Russian immigrants who returned from the United States to this country in 1921. They started with nothing but their empty hands and these empty buildings. The first year they were so poor that they were reduced to eating crows and at times even weeds. Today the commune is composed of 238 persons and operates some fourteen hundred acres. Their nine modern tractors are working night and day on three eight-hour shifts.

The commune has organized and is organically related to twelve collectives in the surrounding region. These embrace some 1,800 members, already cultivating over 7,000 acres. In the commune they share everything. In the collective, which may later develop into a commune, they share only their land and labor in cooperative farming. Both commune and collectives are furnished with the best modern machinery, seeds, expert advice, and credit, with every advantage in low taxes, etc. This commune of 238 members was taxed last year only ninety-two dollars, which is less than the tax of a single rich peasant, probably less than the farmers would pay in any other country in the world. Backed by the Government, the commune and collectives are able to do what the individual farmer cannot hope to accomplish.

We found many individual peasants cultivating their small strips of ten or twelve acres by archaic methods. Their wooden plow was not in advance of that used by Abraham four thousand years ago, save that it had an iron point, or a broken spade in place of the primitive sharpened stick. We found them still threshing their grain by hand with a wooden flail, living in their mud huts, with straw roofs and mud floors, shared with the few domestic animals which the fortunate possess. The whole policy of the Government is to discourage the individual accumulation of private property and to develop social accumulation in cooperative agriculture. The process of socialization is going on at terrific speed and at present it looks as though it would succeed. We saw their crowded cooperative stores selling articles at two per cent profit. We heard individual peasants bitterly complaining of hard times, heavy taxes, and seizures of grain, but always admitting that at the worst they are far better off than under the unforgotten oppressions of Czarism. We heard the members of the collectives telling of their privileges, lightened taxes, modern machinery, larger crops and increase of personal comforts and a higher standard of living. The revolution is now in full force in the villages, as it was a decade ago in the cities.

Already over twelve million acres are being collectively operated by over a million peasant families. During the last two years the yield of grain for the market from the collectives has increased ten fold. At the present rate of progress, within five years they expect over forty million people, or a third of their 120,000,000 peasants, to be united in collectives in this new form of socialized agriculture. All this has the two-fold significance of the successful production of available grain and, much more important, the socializing and communizing of the most individualistic portion of their population. If this can be done their whole experiment will be economically successful, since industry is already far ahead of agriculture.

After five hundred years of Czarism the revolting intellectual leaders saw what seemed to them to be the failure of the system of capitalism, imperialism, militarism and recurring wars in the world in general and in Russia in particular. They saw the means of production, private property, profit and power concentrated in the hands of the relatively few, while the many were dependent upon them without security of life, often under the needless social injustice of widespread poverty, slums and unemployment. The result was a world torn asunder between competing classes, races and nations. These leaders believed that the root of evil of the whole system was private propery resulting in selfish individualism, mutually antagonistic classes and imperialistic wars.

In place of this system they conceived another, in complete antithesis of the old order, differing in aim, in method and in motivation. Their *aim* was the abolition of all exploitation of man by man and the substition of the good life for all, upon an equal basis of social justice. Their *method* was the abolition of private property, the substitution of the common ownership of all means of production and the socialization of the whole of life. Their *motivation* was to be, not private profit, but public service for social welfare. But could this vast transition be effected in a world of greed, strife and injustice so deep-rooted that it seemed ingrained in human nature itself? They believed that it could. And it was their daring innovation that in the largest and most diverse country in the world this experiment should be actually undertaken.

One sits here in a remote Russian village, a thousand miles from anywhere, and sees the whole plan carried out in an almost completely socialized society in government, industry, agriculture and education. Private property for power is gone, all lands or means of production are held in common. Even if the three million workers in industry are socialized, the state would not be stable if it faced a hundred and twenty million individualistic and capitalistic peasants antagonistic to their social aim. The Government therefore, according to the plan, inaugurated a drive to socialize and industrialize agriculture as they already had the factories and the cities. I will seek to describe the Lenin Commune where I am now writing in the center of European Russia.

A generation ago the impoverished workers who could escape left Czarist Russia in despair. As young men they were earning five and ten cents a day. Their fathers in grinding poverty were earning forty and fifty dollars a year. All the best land in the region was held by the few rich landlords, while the worst was worked by the peasants. Here was Stephen who just met me at the train. At the age of eighteen he

left the farm where he was earning but five cents a day, crept across the German border at night to escape from the Czarist regime and emigrated to America. There he was earning as high as twelve dollars a day in war time. After the Revolution he had dreams of a new day in Russia. In 1922, a year after the group referred to above, fifty-two of these Russian workers pooled their savings, purchased agricultural machinery and supplies and started to Russia to found a colony. They were given over 2,000 acres of land by the Soviet Government and seven years ago founded the Lenin Commune now numbering some four hundred and fifty persons. The value of their plant and invested capital apart from the land has increased from $20,000 to over $170,000. Each member of the commune receives from forty to fifty cents a day in wages, from which he pays twenty cents for board. The commune supports all the children of the community, providing a pre-school nursery up to the age of four, a kindergarten from the age of four to seven, a school from seven years upward, and sees the most capable children through college or university, where ten of them are now studying.

The center of gravity has shifted from the individual and the separate home to the community. Nowhere have I seen healthier, happier children. In play and work cooperation becomes a life habit. From birth to death their whole training is not to get on in a struggle for individual acquisition, but for the welfare of the whole community. They seem to be on the way to demonstrating that men are not necessarily selfish by nature, but that they may be trained as easily for service and for social acquisition as for self-seeking. I was also impressed by the fact that of all the men I talked with who had been in America and had tasted what was to them the fleshpots of prosperity and high wages, not one wanted to go back. They felt that America had taught them much, but that in Russia socially they could achieve more. They had found only one slacker in seven years and he was quickly eliminated. The commune has its own orchards, dairy, cheese factory, flour mill, foundry, sawmill and common dining room where they share an excellent table. Their cultural life centers in a large club house with its electrical installation, its radio, weekly movie, theatricals and recreational and educational features. The reading room furnishes a hundred and thirty-five papers and periodicals.

During the three nights we were present most interesting meetings were held in the club house. The first was a war meeting for the registration of volunteers in case of war with China over the North Manchurian Railway. There is a marked development of a fear psychosis in Russia today. Here in the Lenin Commune when volunteers were asked for a possible war with China, in addition to the fourteen who are of draft age, twenty young men and women volunteered for service. No volunteers or candidates are called for any service or office unless all are open for both sexes equally. On the first night one man alone in all the commune said he would not go to war. Accordingly a meeting of the commune was held on the second night when we were present and he was tried and permanently excluded from membership. On the third evening there was held a youth meeting attended by the entire community with earnest addresses. The meeting was followed by the weekly moving picture. The climax of the picture is never in personal achievement, wealth or individual happiness but in some social victory for the community. There was an attendance of over 200,000,000 at the moving pictures last year and numbers are increasing rapidly each year. This is the one country that has not commercialized the moving picture but has made it a vast educational project.

A new peasantry is being evolved. The revolution has swept over the peasant with a cyclone of new ideas and practices. There are new posters, new movies, new institutions, new agricultural methods all about him. He sees the tractors plowing their deep furrows about his little farm. He sees the large crops and better standard of living of his neighbors who have joined the collectives. However painful the process of transition for those of the older generation who cannot or will not change their habits of life, a new day has dawned for Russia. Probably greater changes are taking place in this single decade in rural Russia than in the last two thousand years upon these steppes.

One of the great experiments of the world is being tried out in Russia today; the experiment of a united, cooperative, socialized order in contrast to competitive, individualistic, nationalistic states. Today these untamed plains of potential wealth are being made to blossom as the rose. As far as the eye can reach you see one unbroken oasis, a golden paradise of ripened grain. This vast and rapidly extending plan of industrialized agriculture is changing not only the economic conditions of an age-long poverty; it is transforming the physical landscape and the mental psychology of the peasant. It is too early to predict how the plan will ultimately succeed, but for the sake of a hundred and fifty millions of a people that has perhaps suffered more than any great nation in modern history, we can but hope that the experiment will succeed.

SHERWOOD EDDY.

A Martial Tune

Once I was a blaring urgent tune,
A banner made of sound;
But where are the steeds, the gallant steeds,
The prancing steeds, the dancing steeds
That followed me over the ground?

And where are the boys, the shouting boys
That heard my siren voice?
I call down the road, the endless road,
The silent road, the empty road
To boys that had no choice.

They fell by the road, the war-blazed road,
While I piped on ahead,
To put strength in their feet, their falt'ring feet,
Their weary feet, their bleeding feet
As long as they could tread.

O, I am the ghost of a martial tune
Echoing down the world,
But ten million feet that followed my wake
Lie still—with banners furled.

JEWEL MILLER.

How I Learned to Read and Write

(From Our Bulgarian Correspondent)

In the fifties of last century, 1855-1856, at the age of five or six, I was sent to school in order to keep me out of mischief at home, and also because the desire to learn had suddenly risen in my country. A piece of board with a string passed through a hole at one end, and this hung round my neck, was all the material for learning which I had to bring to school. This piece of board was called *panakida* (from the Greek alphabet table). We sat upon the floor round the *dascal* (teacher) who sat upon a stool and wrote with his quill the first five or six letters of the alphabet on each of our *panakidas* in old Slav characters. These we repeated many times after him in a loud voice. The following lesson was the next five or six letters, and so on until the alphabet was completed. When our *panakidas* were covered on both sides with the successive lessons, we scraped off the writing and continued by the same method. The material and knowledge the teacher brought to the service of the school consisted in his ability to read in the church books printed in old Slav language and characters.

Later on our equipment consisted of a hollow tube in bronze with a receptacle for ink attached to the side at the upper end. The tube served to keep the quill pens. Both the tube and inkstand had stoppers. When cotton wool was placed in the inkstand and saturated with ink, the pen was pressed upon it and the ink thus taken up served for writing. There was no possibility of spilling the ink. The inkstand and penholder were called the *divit*, and carried in the sash worn round the waist, an indispensable part of the dress at that time.

The letters we were taught were in the form of complete words, the initial letter of the word being the respective letter, such as Az, booki, vede, glagol, dobro stood for a, b, v, g, d, and so on, as they were invented and taught by Sts. Cyril and Methodius, the holy brothers who translated the Bible in old Bulgarian or old Slav language. We learned our lessons as I have said, by repetition in a loud voice. Any silence intervening was a proof that we were neglecting our lessons and amusing ourselves. At such a moment the teacher would remonstrate in a threatening voice—*"Haidé,* read, read!"—striking at the same time his cane upon the floor. The school would today be called a kindergarten with this difference—the teacher did not participate in our amusement. Schoolmistresses who conduct such school today were then unknown. Only here and there in the country were the first schools for girls being opened.

At the age of seven or eight I was transferred to a higher school in which the teaching, just introduced, was based on a new method. The school was called the *Mutual School,* as the teaching was in groups, developed later into classes. Alongside the walls of the hall were arranged six semi-circular iron bars with the ends secured to the wall at a height of three feet, which were extended horizontally and supported by a movable iron rod and could be folded against the wall at will. The first group of beginners stood around the first bar; in front of them on the wall was hung a table of the modern alphabet, printed in large characters. A more advanced boy stood within the bar and with a stick pointed to the letters on the table, called them out and these were repeated in a loud voice by those standing around the bar. The teacher inspected and examined each of the scholars. Those who passed were transferred to the next bar where they were taught the simple syllables, and so on until the stage of learning to read phrases at the sixth bar was reached.

In the middle of the hall were ranged benches with top boards on which to rest books and to write. The second in the front was occupied by the group which had finished the course around the bars, and continued their studies from the only elementary reader then in existence, prepared by the illustrious Dr. P. Beron. The first front bench, consisting of a level plank with raised borders, served to teach beginners to write. Fine sand was placed on this board and levelled smooth with a piece of wood. Upon this sand the teacher taught the art of writing. We passed examinations on the blackboard.

We had just learned to read Bulgarian when an elementary reader in Greek was put into our hands. The Greek language was then considered the only language which permitted more advanced instruction. The Bulgarian people, however, were awakening. The struggle against the Greek Church for national church rights was growing in power every day. With the expulsion of the Greek bishops was also expelled the Greek language from church and schools. I had learned to read Greek when my father, coming home after a prolonged absence, examined me on the progress made in school. Very proudly I came forward with my Greek reader, but to my surprise he snatched it from my hands and tore it into pieces. "No Greek for you. I have learned enough for you also!" My father was a Greek scholar; he had studied in the High Greek school in Constantinople.

Our teachers, we invariably called *dascals,* from the Greek for "teacher." They were simple and homely men. Often while we were occupied with our lessons, the teacher, sitting on a raised bench from which he could survey the hall, would be mending some garment or making a new one, tailor-fashion.

We had no school vacations. During the summer on fine days the teacher would march us out in a double line, each group of beginners carrying the table upon which it was learning, the advanced pupils with their books, to some place outside of the town under some shady trees, and there we would pass the afternoon playing and studying. The teacher was held responsible for the good behavior of the pupils both in and out of school. Before noon and in the evening the pupils left school, formed in lines for each street leading out from the school under the monitorship of a selected pupil, and each pupil left the line on arrival at the street leading to his home. The punishments inflicted were: standing up in front of the whole school, caning on the hands and being stretched over one of the benches to receive a caning on the rounded part of the body.

Today the schools of Bulgaria for beginners and for those up to the highest instruction are conducted on the most modern system in Europe.

We have a University with six faculties, Acad-

emies of Sciences, one of Arts, and one of Music. There is not a branch of the civilization of the most modern state which has not its representatives in Bulgaria. In the literacy of the people Bulgaria is above all of its neighbors. P. M. MATTHEEFF.

Sofia, Bulgaria.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTER XLII

Its Rising Tide

I must not devote any more chapters here to a description of the further progress of Khadi. It would be outside the scope of these chapters to give a history of my various activities after they came before the public eye, and I must not attempt it, if only because to do so would require a treatise on the subject. My object in writing these chapters is simply to describe how certain things, as it were, spontaneously presented themselves to me in the course of my experiments with truth.

To resume, then, the story of the non-cooperation movement—whilst the powerful Khilafat agitation set up by the Ali Brothers was in full progress, I had full discussions on the subject with the late Maulana Abdul Bari and the other *Ulema,* especially the question of the extent to which a Musalman could observe the rule of non-violence. In the end they all agreed that Islam did not forbid its followers from following non-violence as a policy and further that while they were pledged to that policy they were bound faithfully to carry it out. At last the non-cooperation resolution was moved in the Khilafat Conference and carried after prolonged deliberations. I have a vivid recollection how once at Allahabad a Committee sat all night deliberating upon the subject. In the beginning the late Hakim Saheb was sceptical as to the practicability of non-violent non-cooperation. But after his scepticism was overcome he threw himself into it heart and soul and his help proved invaluable to the movement.

Next, the non-cooperation resolution was moved by me at the Gujarat Political Conference that was held shortly after this. The preliminary contention raised by the opposition against it was that it was not competent for a provincial conference to adopt a resolution in advance of the Congress. As against this, I suggested that the restriction could apply only to a backward movement; but as for going forward the subordinate organizations were not only fully competent but were in duty bound to do so if they had in them the necessary grit and confidence. No permission, I argued, was needed to try to enhance the prestige of the parent institution, provided one did it at one's own risk. The proposition was then discussed on its merits, the debate being marked by its keenness no less than the atmosphere of "sweet reasonableness" in which it was conducted. On the ballot being taken the resolution was declared carried by an overwhelming majority. The successful passage of the resolution was due not a little to the personality of Sjts. Vallabhbhai and Abbas Tyebji. The latter was the president and his leanings were all in favor of the non-cooperation resolution.

The All-India Congress Committee resolved to hold a special session of the Congress in September, 1920, at Calcutta to deliberate on this question. Preparations were made for it on a tremendous scale. Lala Lajpat Rai was elected president. Congress and Khilafat specials were run to Calcutta from Bombay. At Calcutta there was a mammoth gathering of delegates and visitors.

At the request of Maulana Shaukatali I prepared a draft of the non-cooperation resolution in the train. Up to this time I had more or less avoided the use of the word non-violent in my drafts. I invariably made use of this word in my speeches. My vocabulary on the subject was still in process of formation. I found that I could not bring home my meaning to purely Moslem audiences with the help of the Sanskrit equivalent for non-violent. I therefore asked Maulana Abul Kalam Azad to give me some other equivalent for it. He suggested the word *ba-aman,* similarly for non-cooperation he suggested the phrase *Tark-i-Mawalat.*

Thus, while I was still busy devising suitable Hindi, Gujarati and Urdu phraseology for non-cooperation I was called upon to frame the non-cooperation resolution for the eventful Congress. In the original draft the word "non-violent" had been left out by me. I had handed over the draft to Maulana Shaukatali who was travelling in the same compartment without noticing the omission. During the night I discovered the error. In the morning I sent Mahadev with the message that the omission should be made good before the draft was sent to the press. But I have an impression that the draft was printed before the insertion could be made. The Subjects Committee was to have met the same evening. I had therefore to make the necessary correction afterwards in the printed copies of the draft. I afterwards saw that there would have been great difficulty had I not been ready with my draft.

None the less my plight was pitiable indeed. I was absolutely at sea as to who would support the resolution and who would oppose it. Nor had I any idea as to the attitude that Lalaji would adopt. I only saw an imposing phalanx of veteran warriors assembled for the fray at Calcutta, Dr. Besant, Pandit Malaviyaji, Sjt. Vijayaraghavachari, Pandit Motilalji and the Deshabandhu being some of them.

In my resolution non-cooperation was postulated only with a view to obtaining redress of the Punjab and the Khilafat wrongs. That however did not appeal to Sjt. Vijayarahavachari. "If non-cooperation was to be declared why should it be with reference to particular wrongs? The absence of Swaraj was the biggest wrong that the country was laboring under; it should be against that that non-cooperation should be directed," he argued. I readily accepted his suggestion and incorporated the demand for Swaraj in my resolution, which was passed after an exhaustive, serious and somewhat stormy discussion.

Motilalji was the first to join the movement. I

still remember the sweet discussion that I had with him on the resolution. He suggested some changes in its phraseology which I adopted. He undertook to win the Deshabandhu for the movement. The Deshabandhu's heart was inclined towards it, but he felt skeptical as to the capacity of the people to carry out the programme. It was only at the Nagpur Congress that he and Lalaji accepted it whole-heartedly.

I felt the loss of the late Lokamanya very deeply at the special session. It has been my firm faith to this day that had the Lokamanya been then alive, he would have given his benedictions to me on that occasion. But even if it had been otherwise and he had opposed the movement, I should still have esteemed his opposition as a privilege and an education for myself. We had our differences of opinion always but they never led to bitterness. He always allowed me to believe that the ties between us were of the closest. Even as I write these lines the circumstances of his death stand forth in a vivid picture before the mind's eye. It was about the hour of midnight when Yadvadkar conveyed over the phone the news of his death. I was at that time surrounded by my companions. Spontaneously the exclamation escaped my lips, "My strongest bulwark is gone." The non-cooperation movement was then in full swing and I was eagerly looking forward to encouragement and inspiration from him. What his attitude would have been with regard to the final phase of non-cooperation will always be a matter of speculation and an idle one at that. But this much is certain that the deep void left by his death weighed heavily upon everybody present at Calcutta. Everyone felt the absence of his counsels in that hour of crisis in the nation's history.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by P.)

"Whom Having Not Seen"*

A Meditation on Jenkin Lloyd Jones
Written for the anniversary of his birth, November 14

What winsomeness is in the word!
The great Apostle speaking of
Comrades whose names he had but heard;
"Whom, having yet not seen, we love!"

So do I often think of him
Whose face I never looked upon,
And of the days my eyes grew dim
When the word flashed that he had gone.

I should have sought him out of old!
I should have greeted him before!
Alas! how little of the gold
Of friendship gets into our store!

Yet happy the reflection still,
That as the glow survives the day,
Their flame holds, from behind the hill
That hides our loved awhile away.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

. . . *Just as I was starting for Chicago in 1918, to attend, farther East, the Fellowship of Reconciliation Meeting, the first item I glanced at as I took up the morning paper and settled into my seat in the Pullman car was the news of the passing of Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The disappointment of it I shall never forget, as I had counted on making acquaintance with one whom I had long admired at a distance, but had never chanced to meet. I did not join in the chorus of appreciation at the time of the 50th anniversary of UNITY, because I felt as though I was too late a comer into the family. Perhaps these lines may speak for me now.

The Study Table

Educational

Some time ago we noticed Rugg and Shumaker's "The Child-Centered School." We retract nothing that we then said either about that school or about the new education, but we are now glad to review a book in which education is considered from an altogether different point of view and where some of the fundamental ideas of the new education are assailed. Not that this book, "A Sociological Philosophy of Education"[1] is a direct assault upon the child-centered school; it has a much broader scope. Its "distinguishing feature is its sociological point of view." Its premises are derived from *social* psychology.

The facts of mental interdependence make it obvious that the individualistic psychology, now so generally in vogue is one-sided and misleading. So therefore is the philosophy of life and society that is inferred from it.

Nine chapters are devoted to the establishment of the sociological point of view; the remaining chapters apply the general principles established. Seven principles of social psychology are formulated and each is carefully discussed. An analysis is made of institutions and a working list of them is stated. "Social participation must be balanced participation. None of the great institutional activities may be neglected." The intellectual resources of social life are listed. A society that is to advance must utilize all resources. "The institutions are the nouns, the intellectual resources the adjectives of the social life." The author emphasizes the *telic* function of education.

All education worthy of the name has the very practical objective of preparing young people to take their part efficiently in all the institutions of our highly cultured society.

He repeatedly emphasizes the fact that mentation is largely passive; it is the result of contact with others; the learning process is a social process. He uses the illustration of the iceberg, nine-tenths of its mass is below the surface of the water; only a small part projects above. Individual thought, individual action, is small as compared with the mentation and activity that lie below the surface and which are passive and shared with all the members of the community. He quotes, with approval, Cooley's epigram: "the idea of a separate and independent ego is an illusion." Most of the educational theories now enjoying prestige are fallacious. "As a consequence they will all have to be done over." It is evident that our author cuts across many of the cherished ideas of teachers of the day.

1. A Sociological Philosophy of Education. Ross L. Finney. New York: 1928. The MacMillan Co. 16 mo. pp. xi. 563.

If a civilization is complex, it makes strong demands upon the individual as a member of society.

> Knowledge and lots of it: that is the essential difference between savagery and civilization. To teach facts and lots of them: that is the essential function of the school. Everything else is incidental.

The author lays stress upon a curriculum—set, rigid and exacting. Compulsion is legitimate to enforce learning; "in extreme cases it is quite proper to motivate them with a whip." As the differences between children are small as compared with their similarities, as individuality is practically *nil,* he is opposed to the isolation of the backward, or the too great cossetting of the gifted. The advantage of contact with the smarter child is greater than the disadvantage to the gifted of having a drag. While tests may have a reason and value, they carry a real danger, especially when they determine the future of a child and withdraw him from the natural relation and contact with all sorts and conditions. He is no friend of early vocational specialization; he approves a broad academic foundation, preliminary to a professional training. While he believes in a set and formal curriculum, he by no means approves of the one that has come down to us. Of his curriculum he says:

> Its constants are the sciences, the fine arts, and the new humanities in balanced ration; its electives are mathematics, formal English and the foreign languages.

To adequately deal with this eminently thoughtful book is impossible in our limited space. It is honest, outspoken, desperately in earnest. The author feels that we face the possibility of loss of our civilization; he feels that the only chance of our tiding over the present crisis is along the lines that he lays down.

Already they are talking of the *traditional* school test; so fast do we move in these days. And the "traditional test" is objectionable; the form of test that calls for "essay" responses is undesirable. Pupils flounder and wander; teachers are at a loss what credits to give to imperfect answers; markers are put to loss of time and labor. The remedy is *the objective test*—easy to give, easy to take, easy to mark. There is no question that it has the features just indicated. It is an advantage to have questions so worded that the answer is clearly either right or wrong; that the teacher need not hesitate as to the credit to be given. Of course there are some weaknesses in the new system. There are thousands of situations that cannot be absolutely stamped *right* or *wrong.* Often delicate discrimination and appreciation of distinctions is lost. To this it is replied that the opportunity for such discrimination is still allowed in composition writing. Where, however, quick and sharp judgments are developed in a dozen studies, work in a single subject of the curriculum will hardly restore balance. In actual life one is not presented with four precisely formulated solutions from which he is to select *one;* reliance upon such a group of formulated solutions leads the pupil to depend upon such defining of possibilities by others, and he is helpless without it. However, all this is neither here nor there. The present trend is heavily toward objective tests and here we have a book in which such tests are defined, described, defended.[2] It is a good book. It is not only an interesting presentation; it is more. It is a revolt against the tests, even objective, that are prepared by some high outside authority for imposition anywhere and everywhere. It is a plea for any school system to prepare its own battery of tests. It studied a specific instance, where a rural school district (in Lewis County, New York), prepared its own tests, suited to its own needs. It describes the work in detail; gives the reasons, procedures, results. It urges others to go and do likewise. It shows just how to do it. The book is the combination of the advice of an outside adviser and the report of the district superintendent. It abounds in interesting special discussions.

Tests, tests, tests, in all sorts of subjects, by all sorts of teachers.[3] Fourteen lie on our table, all from one text book house. Practically all of them are *objective,* in the sense of the term used in the book just noticed. The most impressive is the revision of the Stanford Achievement Tests. These have been in use since 1923 and have been tried out in many places and upon an enormous number of pupils. They have been thoroughly overhauled at a stated expense of $17,000. Five forms make up the revised series, of which arithmetic and language usage have already appeared. While these tests have held their own and bid fair to do so, scores of other tests have fallen by the wayside; others will do so. Most of those in our pile are achievements tests; one is an intelligence test; two are prognosis tests. Have intelligence tests about reached the saturation point? As to prognosis tests we admit a lingering doubt. Intended to discourage continuance, where a pupil proves weak in a given direction, they may be useful in the majority of cases. Not infrequently however the weak student needs a push forward instead of encouragement to abandon a study that has proved disagreeable.

A book of valuable suggestion is "The Teacher Outside the School," by J. Frank Marsh of the State Board of Education of West Virginia.[4] In his first chapter the author defines his purpose: "it is highly important that she (the teacher) find a renewal and enlargement of her life from day to day and from year to year in contacts and activities outside the school." It is to methods of this renewal and enlargement that the author devotes himself. He deals with elements of character, ethics, social life, travel, use of money, self-culture, etc., etc.

School books more and more claim to be based upon psychological principles. The idea is good; how far it is new may be questioned. Probably all good text-books, and a surprising number of the *old* text-books were good, have always been based upon the accepted psychology of the time. Psychology changes, and the adjustment of text-books to the new psychology is, of course, desirable. They are probably no nearer finality than their predecessors. Two pairs of books, by successful teachers, which are stated to meet psychological requirements have come to hand.[5] What such requirements may be are stated in both cases

2. **Objective Tests.** Jacob S. Orleans and Glenn A. Sealy. Yonkers-on-Hudson. 1928. World Book Co. 16mo. x. 373. Price, $2.20.

3. **New Stanford Achievement Test.** Forms V. W. X. Y. Z. **Schorling-Clark-Potter Arithmetic Test. Detroit Advanced First-Grade Intelligence Test. Orleans Geometry Prognosis Test. Orleans Algebra Prognosis Test. American Council Tests—European History, Solid Geometry, Economics, Civics and Government, Trigonometry. Wilson Language Error Test. Burton Civics Test.** All from World Book Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson. 1928 and 1929.

4. **The Teacher Outside the School.** J. Frank Marsh. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1928. World Book Co. 16 mo. pp. x. 234. Price, $1.80.

5. **Growth in Spelling. Book 1 and Book 2.** Edward L. Thorndike and Julia H. Wohlfarth. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1929. World Book Co. 16 mo. pp. viii. 120 and vi. 153. Prices: $0.48 and $0.53.

Modern Algebra. First Course and Second Course. Raleigh Schooling, John R. Clark and Selma A. Lindell. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1929. 16 mo. pp. viii. 391 and x. 464. Prices: $1.36 and $1.48.

and it is worth while to give the statements a moment's notice. The two books in algebra state as obvious "that pupils learn best those facts in which they are interested and the facts most interesting to pupils are those related to their actual every-day needs." Features that mark the treatment are—problem situation, challenge, discovery of principles, provision for individual differences. These are all good; possibly all might be present and still not satisfy Finney. By the way—his attitude toward mathematics is rather discouraging. He says:

> Higher mathematics is not a part of the common intellectual equipment of all; not even of the most intellectually gifted twenty-five per cent. It is a technical tool for the specialists. Hence it would seem to deserve a place in the technical training of such specialists as will need it; but frankly abandoned as a requirement for all.

Personally, I may say that I took the usual college course in analytical geometry and conic sections, passing with a satisfactory grade, without having the least idea what it was all about. To me it was a cunningly devised scheme of mental gymnastics intended to thin the ranks of students. In a vague way I believed that somehow it was essential to engineers and military men. It was years later that I first learned that it had any application to things that interested or concerned me. Had I had this new course in algebra I should have been less lost in my analytical geometry and conic sections. As for spelling, it seems that proper teaching demands two abilities: (a) to spell the four or five thousand words commonly used in writing; (b) to learn the spelling of words as one sees them when reading or at other times. The latter is considered the more important. The psychological principles involved are: "(1) The spelling of a word should be taught before or at the time when the pupil needs to use it in writing; (2) other things being equal, words with greater spelling difficulty should be taught in the later grades; (3) other things being equal, words should be taught together that belong together in thought, or that facilitate learning by being put together." Surely (1) and (2) have long been recognized and applied. The third has been neglected.

FREDERICK STARR.

Correspondence

Armistice Day—Blood Red Poppies!

Editor of UNITY:

November Eleventh in Trafalgar Square. Blood-red poppies on every coat or in every hand. Is it the drip of rain we hear, in that most impressive silence as the closely packed thousands stand with bowed heads? Is it the tears coursing down the cheeks of men and women or the blood dripping from the hidden heart wounds that can never heal?

Blood red poppies in Germany among the potato vines, in fields yellow with the harvest where old, old women toil alone. Poppies lest they forget, as if they or their children's children could ever forget!

Blood red poppies in Flanders fields, on into France as we followed the way the German boys were sent, under their heavy packs, to kill and be killed. Where so lately France lay desolate are now fields rich with sugar beets and vineyards. With the beets and the grapevines grow the poppies, lest we mothers forget the rich fertilizer of those fields. Where War stalked the poppies grow, lest we forget. Here, what was found of English boys, was gathered into a cemetery. All about where they fell and died the poppies bloom. The Americans, the Italians and the French gathered their sons from among the poppies. Cemetery after cemetery we pass where known and unknown fragments lay. No cemeteries mark the resting place of the German boys, just fields and fields of poppies.

As we traveled from southern Germany through Belgium into France the wayside shrine was ever present. The Crucified Christ nailed to the Cross. Nailed there by greed, fear, ignorance, hate and selfishness. We remember love took Him from the cross and laid him tenderly away, that faith and hope took Him from the tomb that He might again walk and talk with his disciples. He comforted them and sent them forth to serve. Why did the organized Church crucify him again and why has love, faith and hope failed for all these years to restore Jesus and his simple religion to be the comfort and inspiration of men? The poppies grow about the crucifix in all the wayside shrines,—blood red poppies the symbol of life blood dripping, dripping away.

We came at last to Rheims and the Cathedral once the pride of the Church and the joy of all who love beauty caught and held in stone and colored glass. We wondered why people who love beauty waited there to meet an enemy and if they chose such a stage for war, why expect beauty to escape destruction? We wondered what the High Altar, now laid low, in its proudest moments had done to prevent war or stop the war. Oh, High Altar of the organized Church you allowed your Christ to be nailed too firmly to the cross. You kept him there too long, your destruction was your own doing. Rise again, let love banish ambition, take the Christ from the cross, go with Jesus in humbleness. If your priests have nothing better to do than match the broken fragments of these old, old saints, get new priests, send them forth in the spirit of service to make whole the shattered trust, faith and hope among your followers. Do this or remain a heap of broken lifeless stone.

As the High Altar was shattered by the Germans as they came from the east, so was the head blown from the Crucified Christ above the portal, as the French coming back from the west drove the Germans out. It seemed a fitting symbol of War, Christ crucified, headless. Cover the headless Christ and the High Altar with blood red poppies, millions of them, in memory of all the boys that died in vain unless peace rises from the ruins.

Armistice Day with your blood red poppies make us and our children remember—remember war with its destruction, devastation, death and desolation. Help us be strong for peace, be faithful to our vow to outlaw war, make us ready to join all the world in celebrating Peace Day.

Will it be roses or daisies we weave into garlands for the high altars and the cross empty of the Crucified one because Jesus is again to be among us with his peace and good will to men? Roses or daisies, daisies or roses, we will weave into fragrant chains to bind the world together in friendship and good will, with a homely sunflower now and then to remind us that after all our stumbling and blundering, heartache and death we find it pays to be good, to be just and generous.

O. C. S.

Religion and Science

Editor of UNITY:

Permit me, with all respect for the authors and with due appreciation of the excellence of their writings, to comment on two of the contributions that appeared in UNITY of October 7. One is the excerpt, "Materialistic Science Dead," by Richard C. Cabot. The other is the essay, "Must Religion Be an Illusion?" by Walter Walsh. While there is nothing with which to take issue in the actual contents of these articles, certain assumptions lurking in the background occasion uneasiness. Both contributions intimate that some scientific trends are favorable to religion and that some are unfavorable.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

COMMEMORATE HYMN-WRITER'S LIFE

The life and work of Dr. Frederick Lucian Hosmer, one of the leading hymn writers of the past century, was commemorated on Sunday, November 3, at the First Unitarian Church in Framingham, Massachusetts. The addresses were by Dr. Howard N. Brown, minister Emeritus of King's Chapel, and the Rev. Henry Wilder Foote of the Unitarian church in Belmont. The Rev. Abbot Peterson of Brookline led the devotional service, and all of the hymns were selected from those written by Dr. Hosmer. The Rev. Ralph H. Baldwin, minister of the church, presided.

Dr. Hosmer, most famous of American hymn-writers, and a life-long friend of Jenkin Lloyd Jones and UNITY, died in Berkeley, Cal., June 7 in his 89th year. He was born in Framingham and was brought back there for burial.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST MILITARISM

Retrospect 1928-29. Prospect 1929-30. An informal picture of the work of The Committee on Militarism in Education

A Blind Spot in American Peace Efforts

An American Secretary of State fathered The Paris Pact renouncing war, and secured American ratification of the same. President Hoover and Premier MacDonald are trying desperately to persuade the great powers to join in a reduction of armaments. A number of these powers have signified their intention to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court in justiciable cases. Our own Secretary of State suggests that we can now enter the World Court. President Hoover and the press of the country have expressed great concern at the report that ship-builders have worked against disarmament. The World Federation of Education Associations this summer, assembled at Geneva, called upon its various national bodies to eliminate military training from the schools and to substitute adequate training in character and citizenship. For twelve years our own National Education Association has been on record (through The Department of Superintendence) to the effect that military training is educationally unjustified in the school system. But the enrollment in the Reserve Officers Training Corps in High Schools and Colleges gradually increases. We continue to train our boys and girls in the old and fatal notions, and to enroll them personally in and tie them emotionally to the military machine. While the defeated central powers turn their old military academies into progressive schools for social service, America stations 1,825 army men in her leading schools and colleges,—to teach what? Truly there is a blind spot in our peace movement, not to mention a survival of outworn psychology and pedagogy in our educational methods.

Why Does the R. O. T. C. Grow

1. Because many (possibly most) sincere citizens think that "the training does no damage unless it makes boys want war." They overlook the fact that wars arise out of old habits of thought and feeling which lead the mass of men into war against their wishes, rather than because they "want war." Military training keeps these habits alive, and just because they are unconscious habits, rather than deliberate and outspoken aims, people are unaware of their dangers. Due to the fact that the real results of military training are subtle and unconscious changes in our outlook rather than gigantic expenditure of money and very visible and very obvious fleets of battleships, the public overlooks its significance.

2. Because many citizens still believe that military drill is good physical training, good character building, good citizenship training—and, of course, our War Department advertising adds to the prevalence of this notion. The average citizen does not know that modern educators have long since declared military drill comparatively poor education, poor exercise. Neither does the average citizen know that the R. O. T. C. devotes very little time to these objectives.

3. Because many schools and colleges are willing to accept this Federal aid for a mediocre program rather than secure the funds for a genuine program of physical education, etc.

4. Because polo ponies, prizes and awards, pretty girl sponsors, snappy uniforms, public displays and other "popularizers" make training attractive to students for personal reasons.

5. Because the training is compulsory in so many of our great universities and city high schools.

6. Because there are very active groups and interests working for the training and trying to silence all opposition to it.

7. Because some people believe it is necessary for national defense. But this argument is apt to be left in the background by many advocates of drill and there is not much discussion of whether the R. O. T. C. really has preparedness value. The War Department even discontinued the bayonet drill. Military men find it hard to justify the High School R. O. T. C. on grounds of technical preparedness.

8. Because some nervous people fear we are going to be overrun by "Bolshevism" and think they see in military training a means of suppressing new ideas.

Interesting Incidents of the Year

Dr. G. Bromley Oxnam, of our National Council, new President of DePauw University, announced early in the school year that drill would be voluntary at that institution after this year. He said, in part, "I am opposed to compulsory military training for pedagogic reasons. There is nothing so essential in the course material itself that a candidate for a Bachelor's degree in Arts should be required to take the basic course in military science. Furthermore, the objective of the teachers at DePauw University is not to prepare men for War, but to prepare them for higher service to society."

In reply to the question of why the R. O. T. C. was discontinued at Denison University, President A. A. Shaw, says, "I would say that the unit of R. O. T. C. at Denison was given up because it seemed out of harmony with the conduct and ideals of an institution of this kind."

A Dean at Northwestern University writes that the Military R. O. T. C. there was discontinued in June, 1929, because of inability to secure enough recruits. He adds, however, that the naval R. O. T. C. is more popular, perhaps, "because of the summer cruises and the better uniforms."

It is true that some scientific conclusions are at variance with religion. But the *kind* of religion with which they are at variance is not the *kind* of religion to which UNITY and the readers of UNITY are committed. Religion in the sense of ecclesiastical domination is unquestionably injured by discoveries which enhance the prestige of the scientific, that is the non-ecclesiastical group. The group which takes "free will" as its slogan has societal interests undoubtedly in conflict with those of the group which takes "causation" as its slogan. But ecclesiastical domination is not the only sense of the word "religion." How often has religion been a revolt against ecclesiastical domination!

To us religious liberals, religion means aspiration. The conclusions of science, be they what they may, are only a report of the conditions with which aspiration has to reckon. If the scientist correctly says "determinism," then is determinism the path that aspiration must follow; and if the scientist correctly says "non-determinism," then is non-determinism that path. Aspiration abides above the variations of human discovery. Its interests repose not in the compatibility of those discoveries with ancestral notions but in the scientific validity of those discoveries.

Otherwise stated, the function of religion in our sense of the term is not information but inspiration. Religion is to be judged never by its success in imparting facts but always by its capacity to exalt the mind.

The type of religion voiced by UNITY has no reason therefore to rejoice when the verdict of science happens to be one thing or to worry when it happens to be another. Determinism in itself is as holy as non-determinism, evolution as creation, and higher criticism as plenary inspiration. The advantage lies only where there is rigidity of testing, insight and accuracy. These, the advantages for science are, in our sense of the term, advantages for religion also. That something of a different character may be an advantage for religion is the implication in those utterances of UNITY for October 7 which the religious liberal should not leave unchallenged.

ABRAHAM CRONBACH.
Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Principal and the Superintendent of Schools in Sacramento, California, succeeded in having military training made elective, after it had been compulsory for 16 years.

Thirty-two students were dropped from the University of Washington in Seattle last Christmas but all were promptly reinstated when protests arose. The President of the University and the Commandant of the R. O. T. C. both subsequently announced they were in favor of removing the compulsory feature.

Major Enoch Garey, now President of St. John's College in Maryland, formerly Commandant of the R. O. T. C. at Johns Hopkins University and author or co-author of a number of R. O. T. C. manuals, announced through the Baltimore *Sun* that it had been a great mistake for the Land Grant Colleges to interpret the Morrill Act as making military training compulsory —he thought it should be elective in all cases.

The Student Captain of one of the "crack" high school drill-companies at Dorchester H. S. (Boston, Mass.) shot himself this Spring because he feared his company would not retain first place in the annual competitive drill. Just one more evidence that high school boys are too young for serious military work.

The Reserve Officers' Association has announced a gift of $30,000 "to study the R. O. T. C. problem in the colleges with a view to increase the interest in national defense." Another gift to the same organization has made possible the sending of their monthly magazine free of charge to all the boys in the R. O. T. C. who are candidates for commissions.

Our Illinois Committee published during the winter a most valuable survey of the situation in that state. Much useful discussion has attended its preparation and appearance. It is an effective tool for our movement. We urge you to order this 40 page pamphlet (15c) from the Illinois secretary, Abbott P. Herman, 5815 Drexel Avenue, Chicago.

A newly organized Pennsylvania Committee contains some sixty prominent citizens. They are now seeking a full time secretary for a long and thorough educational campaign.

An Iowa Committee is being organized by our first Executive Secretary, Ray Wilson. Already the list includes: the presidents of three colleges, the deans of two others, the secretary of the Iowa State Teachers' Association, the editors of several of the leading newspapers of the state and of the largest farm paper in the state, the presidents of the Iowa Congress of Parents and Teachers, the State Association of University Women, the Des Moines Y. W. C. A., the Iowa State Federation of Labor, the Master of the Iowa Grange, many prominent ministers, professional people, and social workers.

The State Parent-Teachers' Association of Iowa has gone on record with a splendid resolution.

The chairman of our Massachusetts Committee made an excellent fight against the introduction of the R. O. T. C. into the high schools of Medford, Mass. The Committee has published a small folder of "Facts" which is being sent out widely with our pamphlet, "So this is War."

A Citzens' Committee on Military Training in the Public High Schools of New York City, organized under the chairmanship of Dr. William H. Kilpatrick, in cooperation with a number of other organizations, succeeded in blocking a move to introduce the R. O. T. C. into one of the Metropolitan high schools.

The Student Senate at Ohio State University at Columbus voted 14 to 3 in favor of removing the compulsory feature there. There is a healthy young Optional Drill League working on the campus. We are informed that the Student Y. M. C. A. and the Inter-Fraternity Council have both voted against the compulsory feature.

At the close of the school year the Faculty of California Institute of Technology voted overwhelmingly against the compulsory drill there. We are informed that the drill has been made elective.

Two more official commissions of educational experts have gone on record as opposed to military training in secondary schools on educational grounds—a state Commission covering the school system of Virginia, and a Survey of the school system of Sacramento, California.

The magazine, "National Defense" reports that the R. O. T. C. at the University of Chicago is to have special polo ponies this year—for polo exclusively.

A press dispatch from Oregon states that polo there is made cheaper than any other sport by virtue of the R. O. T. C. supplying the horses and the coaches.

The enrollment of the R. O. T. C. in June, 1923 was 92,851. In September, 1927, it reached 124,833; for 1928-29 it reached 126,453. The number of institutions offering the training is substantially the same this year as last, namely 225. Friends of peace must thank Congressmen of the Sub-Committee on Appropriations handling army bills in the House for the fact that the increases in enrollment are not greater. If more funds were available for making the R. O. T. C. attractive, there probably would be thoughtless parents and students ready to help expend those funds. As Congressman Ross A. Collins so ably pointed out in the debate on the Army Bill, the menace of "popularized" military training is that increasing pressure will be brought to bear upon Congressmen by citizens who want to share in the bountiful distribution of Federal funds.

One of the largest agencies in America dealing with young people has offered to use, throughout the country, some study outlines on the R. O. T. C. —as soon as we can supply them.

This last year the War Department spent $202,652.71, for feed and pasturage alone, on the horses used in the R. O. T. C.'s of only 26 colleges. Our budget was $15,000—our contributions slightly less than that.

Our Committee has brought out an illustrated pamphlet "So This Is War," exposing the dangers of making military preparedness too pleasing personally. The pamphlet has been highly praised everywhere. We are now seeking funds to give it a wide circulation. We are convinced the public will stop this dangerous business as soon as they realize what is happening. If we can place the facts before 100,000 ministers, teachers, and club leaders, the R. O. T. C. will again be compelled to shift tactics.

Committee on Militarism in Education
387 Bible House, Astor Place
New York, N. Y.

NOVEMBER

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